

BULGING WARDROBES PERPLEX WASHINGTON SOCIETY WOMEN and their FRENCH MAIDS.

Some Rich Women of the Capital City's Exclusive Set Have So Many Changes of Apparel That They Find It Necessary to Catalogue Their Gowns, After the Manner of a Library System---French Maid Tells of the Intricacies of the Scheme and Explains Its Working.

WASHINGTON, it is conceded, has more beautifully and expensively gowned women than any other city of its size in America.

In fashionable circles in this city there are some belles and matrons who have so many gowns that, to keep track of them, they catalogue the dresses, wraps and other concomitants of the toilette, in much the same way that books are catalogued in a library. Some use books of reference, others a card system.

Sometimes a Capital City girl of wealth forgets just what clothes she possesses. Perhaps she has seen on the street some creation of the dressmaker and, after a week or two, the impression still being vivid in her mind, she asks her maid to lay out this dress for her to wear, thinking it numbered among her own. When the maid fails to produce it, by reference to her catalogue, milady finds she never owned such a gown.

There are women in Washington living in such luxury that they have enough gowns to enable them to wear a different one, including evening gowns, each day for two months, and then not "come to the end of the string."

BY A FRENCH MAID.

"WHY I send for you, my angel? It is that I have found it impossible to take proper care of all of Madame's gowns. I send for you and I have to assist in the management of ze boudoir. Zat is why you need no longer see all day long and curl, curl, curl, horrid, little, little feather. Oh, you need not haf ze fear, you need not shake ze head of yourself, I weel, of a sudden, from the instant, teach you how to take ze great care of zat wonder-wardrobe of Madame--ze marvel of a ward-robe."

"Now, attention. You see these, red book? These are the great assistance. It is these books which you must study, study, study--Oh, so val' hard. Ne le comprenez vous pas? No? I weel demonstrate ze explanation. "When I first arrive in these country, I take ze sairvees wif Madame X---. She is ze wife of a val' reesh, old Senator from--Oh, I don't know ze place. I see such lovely gowns zat she has and ze wonderful robes of ze peoples zat come to her house and I say to my-self, 'Blanchette, Oh, these reesh Americans, they do not know how many gowns they haf. Indeed not!'"

"Zen ze reesh Madame Senator, she die, and eet seem so triste to haf to go and abandon all those belle robes. I did pity her so val' mooch. Ees eet not so, my angel Zenaide?"

Promised New Establishment. "But ze reesh old Senator, he sleep ze under ze chin wif ze finger and he say, 'Certainment, you aire ze val' goot, little girl, Blanchette and I am val' grateful to you for take ze grand care and compassion of my wife and I see Mees, zat you get another establishment!'"

"And ze reesh, old man, he make his word good, and, in a leetle while, I arrive, here; and, Oh! mon amie, nevalre before, not even in belle Paree, at ze Comedie Francaise, haf I see such dress, such hats, such magnifique clothes--on ze stage, I am

shamed, I am amaze, and I tell my new Madame so; and, Oh! Zenaide, she haf so mooch and say: 'Seely girl, zis is as nothing--not at all. You shall wait and see such gowns and toilettes as I shall bring--when we return from Paree, and Vienna, and Londres.' And so I wait and expect, and sure enough, I do see, and I also see more. I see zere are plenty of ozzer women in Washington who haf just as many, and just as fine gowns as Madame, but you vill see immediately, such beautiful things, as you haf, nefer dreamed to look at. And these, leetle red book, always, always you must study. Ees it not so, ma cousine?"

"Come wif me now, so I vill show you such marvels as nevalre were! Ze apartment we haf just let' ees for you to see in, and next to eet ees Madame's boudoir, and ze nex' rooms are not rooms; zey are closets, and closets and closets, val' Madame she maintain her ward-robe."

Closets Electrically Lighted.

"Se, mon amie, zey are dark, and zat is quite proper, for can you theenk of ze frightful, terrible theings zat would happen off one of these char-mant gowns should haf efer so teeny a faded place val' a ray of light had struck eet! See, I show you now, once and for all, here ees the switch which I turn. Just so, and, presto! Zenaide, ze whole tremendous closet room ees brilliant light, mon enfant. And nevalre forget zat as soon as you close ze closet door, on the instant, I say, switch off zat light."

"Now, come inside, and I vill show to you, how ze robes are arrange. Ze valls of all ze closets are padded, oh, so theek, wif satin, and between ze satin and ze wall so cutely tucked away, is perfume powder, and you can smell for yourself how val' dainty ze closet is scented."

"I shall tell you right here zat which shall make you to stretch those blue eyes zat Madame has so many gowns, dresses and toilettes, zat for two months, efen in ze evening robe, she could, for each night, wear a different gown, and not efen zen would she as the English say, 'come to ze end of ze stringe!'"

"Eet is sure enough as Madame has said when Madameshe come back from ze Continent lisset at ze window and vatch ze trunks and trunks and trunks, containing ze new ward-robe zat we buy, come into ze house and I say to myself, 'ze end ees is not

yet.' And, steel, zey come and come and come."

giff one delectious leetle scream and she rush against me and say Blanchette, vat should I do wis-ouse you. You are my jewel, my treasure! And zen she gif me ze swift kees on ze cheek and make me to blush all over for val' joy zat I please Madame!"

Happy Thought of Book.

"And zen, all is confusion, and zen like ze case, I see zat Madame and she regard me, and I think what I shall do. I can nevalre, nevalre remember vat and vate all ze contents of all zese trunks are. And zen my head haf a great big theenk. I run so val' queeck and fetch zis red book and I say to Madame: 'I haf eet, I haf eet. Regardez, Madame! We shall write down een thees book, each gown. Also, we vill write down each pair of glufs and each pair of leetle shoes and slippair. Zen we vill put down next to each gown a certain nombre which ve vill also preent down on paper and paste wif ze brosh on ze hanger vitch is provide for each gown. Also on ze box in vitch repose Madame's glufs vill ve also paste ze nombre zat correspond vif ze gown vif vitch she vill wear each pair. Also on ze hat-crates shall ve paste ze leetle figures, so zat Madame vill know precisement vat zat go vis what street, or calling gown."

"So, my angel, I haf return, I consult wif Madame and I suggest ven I haf look in ze leetle red book. 'Will

And Madame she look at me and

How Gowns Are Catalogued.

"Certainment, I must tell you at once, I say, how I manage ze red book. I see from ze engagement calendar of Madame, zat she is invited to ze White House tonight for a dinner to ze diplomats from all ofer ze world. I vill go consult Madame as what robe she vill tonight. I vill return instantly. You wait for me while you study ze leetle red book."

"So, my angel, I haf return, I consult wif Madame and I suggest ven I haf look in ze leetle red book. 'Will

Madame wear ze exquisite violet velvet gown; ze one embroidered in shaded lilacs? And Madame she leet the eyebrow and say meditativ: 'Blanchette, haf I such a gown? And I say, 'Oh, Madame, have you forgot, ze gown zat ze great Doucet made you and which he rave so over? And she say 'Really, Blanchette, he make so many zat I cannot tell of which one you speak.' And zen I remind her; 'I mean ze one Madame zat Monsieur, your husband, said was beeing because it did not haf ze leetle diamonds fastened onto ze flowers for dew drops. Zen she say, 'Oh! oui, I theenk I remember zat gown now, but I have a fancy to be gowned all in ze white tonight.' Zen I takes zis red book and under ze head of 'White Evening Gowns' I go carefully over to see ze one I theenk ze most beautiful. At last I find it. 'How would Madame like to wear ze white princess, wif ze white lilies so wonder embroidered on it? You remember ze one wif ze yellow centers of ze lilies embroidered in gold?'"

"Yes, I theenk I weel vate zat one," she say, and 'Oh, Blanchette what jewels shall I vate wif it?'"

"Certainment, Madame, I say, 'wear ze new diamond thara; for you haf not yet worn zat!'"

"So Madame, she decide upon zat one and now, now I vill show you exactly how ze gown and accessories are found."

"In ze leetle book under ze head of 'White Evening Gowns' I find zis item: 'Princess gown (douce), embroidered in water lilies. 'Closet nombre 6, section nombre 8, hanger nombre 14. 'Opera wrap, closet nombre 8, section nombre 2, hanger nombre 21. 'Gloves, glove closet, shelf nombre 7, box nombre 43. 'Shoes, closet nombre 2, shelf nombre 5, tree nombre 38."

"And zat you, Madame, you haf it! Zat is day. What, you do not comprehend? Oh, mon dieu, mon dieu, I will show you, stupid girl!"

"Closet nombre 6. Come wif me. Zis is ze sixth closet in ze row. I switch on ze light, so. Now you need not shudder, zair are not skeletons in ze closets. Zey are ze ball gowns, and after zey are hung on hangers, I, Blanchette, put a white china silk curtain aroun zem so that not one bit of dust can come near ze priceless treasures. Zen ze book say distinctly, Section nombre 4, which means to me plainly zat ze closet is divided into so many compartments some containing ze Empire gowns, one ze trained gowns, one ze high-necked ones and so on. And section 4, is ze one where ze princess gowns are kept. It is also ze fourteenth gowns in zat section, stupid."

"And so we take ze opera wrap of white name velvet, (green in ermine and threads of gold. I go to closet nombre 8 and zair in section nombre 2, where ze long wraps hang, I find

ze proper evening coat for ze princess gown."

"Then I go to closet nombre 2; again I switch on ze light, and zave, as ze book say, on shelf nombre 7 and in box nombre 43, I found zis pair of long white gloves, are zey not ze--on Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu--what is it zat I see? or do I, Blanchette, see in ze little finger of ze right hand gloze, a hole? Only as big as a pin-head, you say? Suppose zat Madame should put on zat pair of gloves and ze tip of her little, pink nail should show through? What would I, Blanchette, do? But nevalre

shall it be said that I fall in ze grand moment. I will feex him at once, now."

Arrangement of Slippers.

"Zare, zat ees arranged. And now for ze slippair in closet. Shelf nombre 5 and tree nombre 48. Now we shall see if it ees correct. Ah, zair eet ees, as they should be; white satin ones, embroidered in white and gold water-lilies."

"In which closet are ze diamonds? Ma foi, what one leetle fool you are! It ees to wonder at your ignorance."

"Certainly not. We do not keep all those diamond and those pearl and ruby in thees house. Don you theenk zat we wish to be murder in our beds? In ze back of ze leetle red book you vill find a complete list of Madame's jewels, and eef you weel please call up on ze telephone ze nombre of ze safe-deposit vaults, were Madame keeps her jewels, I vill tell you what she wish for tonight, and by ze time zat Madame ees dressed, ze jewels vill be here. In ze morning you vill again call up ze safe-deposit people and zey vill call for and return ze precious diamonds to ze box of safety."

Mark Twain and the Little Pillow Girl

See if You Can Find Her in the Picture Whispering Into the Humorist's Ear.

DO YOU see the little Pillow Girl whispering into Mark Twain's ear?

Mark Twain was the first to discover the little girl confiding her secrets to him.

The photograph was taken to show Mark Twain as he works in bed; the picture shows him thinking for a word.

Some time after it was taken, Mark Twain saw the photograph lying on a desk, picked it up to glance at it casually, and was heard to exclaim in astonishment:

"Why, here is a dear little girl whispering into my ear!"

And, sure enough, there was.

Her head is close to his, their hair commingling. And this dear little Pillow Girl is in her nightgown, just before running off to bed, she is saying, "Good-night, Uncle Mark; I love you."

But what's she is whispering to the famous humorist, she is one of the oddest little girls that a camera ever has pictured, and one of the cutest, as well.



MARK TWAIN THINKING FOR A WORD.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE

World's Largest Potato Warehouse

THE largest potato warehouse in the world is rapidly approaching completion at Stockton, Me., the new tidewater terminal of the Bangor and Aroostook and Northern Maine Seaport railroads, the channel through which flows the products of the vast farming regions of northern Maine, and particularly the great potato fields of Aroostook.

Before the completion of the connecting link the Northern Maine Seaport railroad, making the "Aroostook to the Sea" line a reality, all of the Aroostook crops were shipped by rail, as there was no other way. Now water shipments will be made mostly from this great repository, which is situated at the shore end of the immense Cape Jellison docks.

Into this house the potatoes will be unloaded as they come in the cars in bulk. They will be stored in the 200 separate bins or rooms, and when ready for shipment will be bagged and loaded on steamers or sailing vessels.

This warehouse when completed will be 300 feet long, and 125 feet wide. The great pressure of the crops waiting to be moved has caused the builders to stop work at 200 feet this fall, but next year the building will be extended the full 300 feet.

In its present capacity it will hold 200,000 barrels of potatoes, or 1,200 barrels in each bin, which is in reality a separate frost-proof room.

The warehouse is a great wooden structure, built as tightly as a dwelling house and designed to keep the po-

tatoes from freezing without the use of artificial heat, although Cape Jellison is one of the coldest places in New England in the winter. Much insulating material of hair and asbestos is been used in the construction, and it is believed that the temperature will not drop to the freezing point.

One of the principal features is the method of handling the potatoes by electricity, which reduces the expense to the minimum.

The building is equipped with an electric conveyor system, which is portable, and available in every part. The potatoes will be shoveled from the cars into the conveyor, and taken to any of the 200 compartments. When ready to ship a conveyor automatically feeds itself from any particular bin, carries the tubers to a scale, which automatically fills the bags with the exact weight, and when the bags are seamed, takes them out on the wharf, and into the hold of the steamer. All this is done with far greater speed, and with less bruising than by any other method.

Hundreds of different combinations may be arranged with the conveying system, and the carriers made to run in any direction, and in any place.

The building is lighted by electricity, and has every modern improvement known, making it not only the largest potato warehouse, but the most completely equipped in the world.

SOCIETY NEWS.

Miss Gwethlyn "summered at the Pier." She'll "winter at the Hall." Now, should she spring at Ligonier? We wonder where she'd fall.

—The Catholic Standard and Times.

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